Vol. 2 Chicago, Illinois, October, 1925 No. 7

The Liberal

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Published monthly by

The Peoples Church
CHICAGO

Ten Cents a Copy . . . . . One Dollar a Year

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Vol. 2 Chicago, Illinois, October, 1925 No. 7

LOOKING FORWARD

Philosophers are agreed that there are moments in the lives of individuals and institutions which determine the triumph or defeat of the future. Such moments always are the gateways to a crisis. The influences and experiences of life all converge at such a time. The capacity of meeting successfully the critical hour depends upon a clarity of vision and the exercise of will. These determine choice and the future depends upon the correctiveness of our choosing.

Familiarity with all great institutions and noble lives attests the existence of these critical times. History is one uninterrupted recital of the meaning of a crisis. The disintegration of nations and the decline of empires all reveal the failure to appraise values and choose adequately future programs. A false judgement and a wrong emphasis have wrecked more than one venture. Again and again do we see the tragedy of failure at the climacterical time.

I feel very deeply that we have reached the most important period in the progress of our church. The Peoples Church began the fourteenth year of its history on the fifth of last July. The first service was held July 5th, 1912 in a little hall in Viking Temple on Sheffield Avenue. Sixty four people were present at that service. The subject I used for the first sermon was "Looking Forward." Services continued in this building until the increase of the audiences necessitated the removal to larger quarters. The church then leased Arcola Hall on Clark and Addison Streets where the first-service was held in October 1912. The church used this building for its activities during the following year. The year in Arcola Hall was a very important one in the life of the church. It was during this time that I made my first acquaintanceship with the larger life of the city. Some of the most loyal and tireless workers which the church has today became identified with it during the winter of 1912-13. Theodore Roosevelt was making his great campaign with the Progressive Party and I was invited to address some meetings thru out the city. People heard of the church and our small congregations in Arcola Hall gradually increased although the largest audience I ever had at a church service there was 212 people. At this time Mr. Abel L. Allen and Dr. James F. Presnell became interested in the church.

The Wilson Ave. district at that time was just beginning its development. These far sighted men saw the possibilities of a liberal church in the heart of that rapidly growing center. They approached the subject to me and the Board of Trustees. We were a young and struggling church with no money for adventure or experiment. For the first year of the church my own compensation was what was left of the two Sunday offerings after the expenses were paid. I look back now with somewhat of a pang in my heart to those Sunday evenings after the service when Thomas Bates, the treasurer, and myself would go into the Arcola Hall office and pay the rent and expenses for the day. I am sure

you will not censure me if I had a pardonable anxiety as to what was left of the day's offerings. I remember more than one Sunday evening when I went to my room in the Bates home with five dollars in my pocket for the week's salary. I do not remember, except on Easter Sunday, when the salary exceeded ten dollars for the week. What wonderful people Mr. and Mrs. Bates were ! Some years ago they moved to California where Mr. Bates passed away. Mrs. Bates now resides in her old home in Canada. Her occasional letters to me bind the memories of those early years all the more tightly around my heart. I shall never forget those years of struggle and anxiety. The friends who were true and staunch in those days will never be superceded by any in the more recent and better years. They have a place in my affections all their own. Many have passed away. Several have removed from the city and some are still at work in the church. One of the prominent families now in the church—the Gairings —became interested during the year in Arcola Hall. I am aroused to the rapidity of time when I think that George Gairing, Jr., attended my services in a baby carriage and more than once I have awakened him by an emphatic point in my sermon only to have him vociferously voice his protest. It hardly seems possible that the University of Illinois student who greets me on his vacation Sundays is that youngster of other days. His sister, now a Northwestern university graduate, is a member of our Chorus Choir. So it goes. I could recall many similar associations. I could not let the recital of the Arcola year go by without remembering that Miss Grace Wilkins Thayer, now my helpmate and wife, attended the services for the first time there. She, Mrs. Gairing and Mrs. Henderson were founder members of The Woman's Club first called the Ladies Social Circle.

After many conferences with the board, Mr. Allen and Dr. Presnell it was decided to lease the Wilson Avenue Theater, now the Fidelity Trust and Savings Bank, for the Sunday services. The theater seated 1000 people. I had never preached to many over 200 in my own pulpit. We had no money in the treasury. I trembled at the move and had many fears as to the outcome. But the people were hopeful and so on the fifth of October 1913 we held our first service in the theater with 168 persons present. Much of the success of this first-service was due to the activity of Mr. Abel L. Allen who interested his friends in the venture. The business men made a subscription which enabled us to open the services in our new location with a good working capital. I was voted for the first time a salary which was fifteen dollars a week. The audiences were about the same size for months of the first year. The first time we opened the gallery was on Go-To-Church Sunday in 1914 and the first time that we ever had the theater filled was on Easter Sunday 1914. From then on the theater was always comfortably filled and on special days hundreds were turned away. We remained in the Wilson Avenue theater for five years. With the building of the new Pantheon Theater the church found a new and a more adequate home. The first service was held there the first Sunday in October 1917. Services have been held in this beautiful auditorium seating approximately 3,000 people ever since.

The growth of the church has been a steady normal development. We have tried to avoid the sensational in the pulpit utterances without sacrificing timeliness and interest. There have been disheartening and discouraging times but there has been more sunshine than storm.

From the very first service in 1912 I have dreamed of a home of our own. At last the dream is leaving the land of shadows and

takes on the characteristics of reality. We have made once more the adventure of faith. Property has been purchased and over on Lawrence Avenue near Sheridan Road the sound of the builders is heard. I shall watch the building grow, stone upon stone, and brick upon brick, with joy in my heart and memory playing the accompaniment.

It is a very difficult task for a liberal church to do what we are doing. There is not the backing of a great denominational enterprise with its millions of dollars. We are a people's church and the people are the builders. The element of theological pressure does not enter into the giving of the liberal in religion. Our church home is to cost more than a half million of dollars. It must be financed largely by ourselves. Is it a critical moment for us as we look forward? If every friend of the church, every heart that has been cheered and sustained by its influence, every life made brighter by its radiance and every soul lifted by its power would only help now the future would be secure.

A new church year opens this month. It will be the epoch year of our history. Plan to attend regularly. Find a place in which to work. There will be a task waiting for every worker. The whole Church is organized with a special department to meet every need—the women is the Woman's Club, the men is the Forum, the young people is the Temple Club, and the younger group in the Church School. Let us all make one great united effort this year. All together let us go forward for our new home. Let us give until the giving means a genuine sacrifice.

By our united efforts we will leave when other laborers take up the tasks a great liberal church, standing for freedom above authority, light before darkness, love before fear, education before superstition in religion and truth over all. Altogether now, "Forward March Toward Victory!"

BOOK CHATS

In the past I have given many lectures on books before the various organizations in the church. Invariably I have noticed that there was better interest and reception if a majority of the audience had read the books under discussion. This winter I am going to give six lectures under the auspices of the Woman's Club at the Edgewater Beach hotel and two for the Temple Club.

At least four of these addresses will have to do with books. Before the Temple Club I am going to speak on Ladislas Reymounts' voluminous work "The Peasants." For the Women's Club I am going to discuss "Anatole France, Himself, a Boswellian Record" by his secretary Jean Jacques Brousson, translated by John Pollock and published by the Lippincott Company. The other two books I am going to use are Janet Fairbank's, "The Smiths" and "A Passage to India" by E. M. Forster. I suggest that those who plan to attend the lectures read the above books.

* * * *

With the Fireside Library as its title Arthur Compton—Rickett is editing, and the Dial Press is publishing in this country, a series of litle volumes containing examples of the work of famous English authors through the centuries. The first three in the set are "Essayists Past and Present" a selection of English essays, edited with an introduction and notes by J. B. Priestly, "Songs from the Elizabethans," edited with a preface by J. C. Squire and "Robert Browning, Humanist" containing a selection from Browning's poetry, with introduction and bibliographical note by Compton-Rickett.

Anne Parrish has been awarded the Harper Prize of $2,000 for her novel "The Perennial Bachelor" which will be published this fall by Harpers. The latter will also publish Margaret Wilson's new book, "The Kenworthy's" this autumn. Miss Wilson won the Pulitzer Prize in 1923 with her very fine novel "The Able McLaughlins."

* * * *

It will be gladsome news to the admirers of the lofty genius of Richard Le Gallienne that a new book by him is to be forthcoming by Doubleday Page & Co. in October. The book will wear the alluring title of "The Romantic 90's." In these days of so called realistic literature this announcement is most welcome. Mr. Le Gallienne bears in America and abroad a literary reputation of exceptional brilliancy. Jean West Maury in a recent interview with Le Gallienne published in the Boston Transcript writes that she asked him concerning the Russian influence on American literature. His characteristic reply was. "It is like a sickening miasma spread over the earth, obscuring the beautiful, spilling slime on the good."

Most men despise shopping tours. I am one of that vast majority. The only time I ever enter a store joyfully is when I am bound for a book. The efficiency of our modern retail establishments demands, I presume, the immediate question from the alert clerk, "What can I do for you today?" No time to browse about and if you do a look of contempt usually comes your way. But not so in a book shop. I know of no book store in Chicago where a clerk acts as though you had been favored by being permitted to come in. Perhaps the difference is in the commodity for sale, at any rate after a shopping trip I drop into a book place to have my confidence in humanity restored. Folk that make books, write books, sell books and love books are a select group. God bless them all.

* * * *

A. S. M. Hutchinson will have a new book this fall called "One Increasing Purpose." Willa Cather will also publish in October her latest novel, "The Professor's House." Judging by their past achievements both books will be worth reading.

"THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE"

A Sermon Preached by Dr. Bradley in The Peoples Church.

Stenographically Reported.

The theme was suggested to me by reading from Henry Thoreau a little paragraph which Mr. Thoreau wrote one October day after he had returned from his daily walk along the shores of Walden pond; he wrote these beautiful words: "October is here, the time of falling leaves and golden beauty, and now it is Indian Summer. I hope that the Indian Summer of my life will be as beautiful as this Indian Summer around the shores of Walden pond." Immediately that phrase "the Indian Summer of Life" took possesion of my deeper consciousness, and I wondered if there was a great analogy between the Indian Summer of the world of the physical and the Indian Summer in the world of the soul and the spiritual.

Life always ought to be supremely beautiful. If it has the element of jar and discord, hate and turmoil and failure, then we can trace—if we are careful in our analysis—the introduction of these defects to something within

ourselves. Every man holds the key which unlocks his own destiny. We carve upon the portals of our temple of life the signs by which all men judge and know us. Victims not of blind faith that run unregulated through the structure of life, but when we appreciate the dignity and majesty of sovereign moral law, and by obedience to that sovereignty, then our lives come out of chaos into comport, out of turmoil into quietness, out of sin into righteousness, out of war into peace. Only as we keep close to the source of life's tranquilities do we find ourselves fortified against life's tragedies and disappointments.

I was perfectly amazed at the lack of information on this idea of "Indian Summer" as applied to the physical world. I confess I did not know why they called it "Indian Summer." Do you? I asked three or four people in our Public Library this week,—who are **supposed** to know EVERYTHING. One of them said to me: "I see, Doctor Bradley, that you are going to preach on 'The Indian Summer of Life.' " I said: "Yes. Do you know where the name comes from? Do you know why it is called 'Indian Summer'?" I said: "Why isn't it called by some other name of summer; why 'Indian Summer'? We will admit that it smatters of the summer in its physical characteristics, but why the adjective 'Indian' as applied to that summer?" She looked at me and said: "I don't know." Then I asked three or four more, and they didn't know. And then I didn't feel so badly about not knowing myself.

I went and found a book, written in 1901 by a man in the Weather Bureau of the United States Government. It was perfectly amazing the revelation I had as to the original derivation of this phrase "Indian Summer." I found, after I had read that book, which I finished in the wee small hours of the morning, that the man himself did not know just why the word "Indian" was applied to that belated summer of the year.

I am going to give you one or two little approaches that are purely conjectural, but that are sufficiently romantic to inspire us into the deeper meaning of the idea. The first one is this: So far as the historical records of America go, the first time "Indian Summer" was used as applying to that season of the year usually designated by that name was on the 13th day of October, 1794. Major Ebenezer Denny in his diary, first used the phrase, "We have come to the Indian Summer of the year." It seems shortly afterwards, beginning with that period of American literature, known as the nineteenth century period, that these people all found that that word fitted into that particular time of the year. Contemporary literature of that period, wherever they have written, poets and dramatists, have all spoken of the "Indian Summer."

Now as to the origin of the "Indian Summer" itself. You know "Indian Summer" is always characterized by a haziness in the atmosphere and by a quietness. The atmosphere seems to change its density, as though summer was reluctant to leave and wanted to come back and bid us all goodbye again. There are folks just like that, aren't there? There are folks that somehow when they say goodbye at the station, at the home, in the car, or wherever the good-bye is given, they always want to look around and say it once more, and if they are out of range of vision they like to wave back with the hand. I have known people like that. The loveliest remembrance of parting is most frequently that unpremeditated and spontaneous gesture of good-bye that comes when words can no longer be heard by the parties involved. That last good-bye of the eye that speaks the language of the soul, that does not need the physical utterance to portray the depth and

beauty of its spirit. There are people just like that, that are always reluctant to realize that the final moment of good-bye has arrived, and they like to bring back and embellish and reconsecrate the memory of that good-bye by the introduction of a fonder, more intimate gesture.

The Indian Summer is like that. There is a little bit of haziness in it that has that peculiar poetical imagery which painters detect in the texture of the atmosphere of Holland and some parts of Europe. There is the soft mist; not a mist of moisture, but a mist of color that falls down off from the autumnal hills, bearing in its heart the golden hue and glory of autumn leaves.

It is summer's good-bye gesture, and it is summer's hail of springtime.

The Indians had a very interesting practice at this time of the year when the air was quiet and still, when the frosts had come, just before winter should loosen her fury with her dramatic bound out of the heart of the universe, release her anguish at her suppression for all the summer, anxious to freeze the hearts of all living things,—just before that time arrived the Indians would go out to their prairies and burn the grass, so that the chemical action of the burning wood and the growth above the soil would form an ash that would be washed into the earth and make it more productive and fruitful in the spring, when the spring maize was to be planted. The Indians always did this in what has become known as the Indian Summer. The haze we see these autumn days are the Indians burning the grass in their prairies for the productivity of springtime.

Well, I think that is beautiful, and anything that is beautiful has value. And so I give it to you for what it is worth.

Then there is a more brutal origin designated by some as to this Indian Summer. The Indians are poor fighters in the winter. The Indian has never been particularly fond of severe cold weather, and they in a very true sense hibernate as much as possible during the blasts of winter. So the old pioneers that settled this vast area of Indian country had to live in forts all during the summer; they plowed with their muskets strapped around their necks, and when they bade goodbye in the morning at the stockade they could not know when they would return at night. They sometimes would find their own fireside knee-deep in blood and the battered brains of their loved ones strewn around the floor. Those were the days when it required courage to face life; those were the days when things were not made easy for us. Those were days when we were not following the lines of least resistance. Those were the days when life in order to subdue the natural barriers of man's intervention to progress that it required all the moral heroism and physical stamina that man could accumulate unto himself.

Well, there came a time when the autumn rolled around, and the pioneer knew that the coming of the autumn was the beginning of winter, and he knew that winter brought a sense of protection, and that during the winter his vigilance could be relaxed with which he had safe-guarded his loved ones. So with the first frost and fall weather there was that sense of ease and abandonment and this awful vigil that he had followed throughout the summer. But there was a period of that time when nature lied to him, and just when he thought the wind would come out of the North with its cold fury thrusting itself into the faces of the red-skinned and driving them into their tepees taking away from them the lust of blood and the desire for conquest, then there was a moment when nature was false to him. One morning there was a renewal of attack. Summer had seemed to come back. The Indians' vengeance demanded one more attack.

So the early settlers and early pioneers called that period of the year the Indian Summer, for it was that time of the year when the Indians gave their vindictatory attack upon the settlers of the plains and the prairies.

Another explanation of why we speak of it as the Indian Summer: There is another one that comes from the Chippewas. I have lived with them this year, all about our lake country. These Chippewa Indians are the Indians that chased the Sioux Indians out of Minnesota across into the Dakotas. A splendid race, a remnant is all that is left. There is an Indian legend that somehow I think is even more satisfactory than the legends that have come to us through the channels of the white race. The Indian legend of the summer is this: That the god of the North, Nanibozhu, just before he goes to sleep for the winter, lights his pipe and as he sits there in the sky near the Great Bear, smoking his pipe, the earth and all the people in it, don't want to disturb his moment of poise and peace and tranquility, and so while he sits there smoking his pipe the winds of heaven daintily pick up the clouds of smoke and waft them over the people of earth; the smoke that you see on an Indian Summer's day, the haze of the mountains, is the smoke from the pipe of the god of the North, and that smoke is the signal to all the earth to be quiet, for the god of the North desires to think and rest a moment before winter comes, and in the beauty of that moment of rest does the strength come for the moment of activity.

I think that that analogy is more beautiful and apropos in conjunction with the thought that is upon my heart this morning than any that I have mentioned to you. The Indian Summer of Life is Nature's offering, Nature's gesture that for a little while all that we have known in the beauty of the summer, all that has flooded our hearts with the beauty of the out-of-doors shall linger and say good-bye,—not with words, but with spirit, and that in the quietness and peace of that Indian Summer's day there will be born in our hearts the courage and the power to meet the tasks of the winter.

Winter is not a period of rest; winter is a period of activity. The sap does not flow in the trees and on the branches and into the leaves, and the sap is not frozen in the heart of the tree. All winter long it has taken unto itself the energy necessary to finally push forth into flower and into bloom. That is what winter does.

No man is a hero who is afraid of the winter of life, and no man need fail in "the winter of life" who had made the "Indian summer of life" a moment of inspiration for the birth of courage. Maturity is not finality. Life is growth. Religion is development. Peace in its process is achievement. Life is victory, and it cannot be victory unless we have properly regulated and distributed all of its beauty and all of its truth into our souls. Already the leaves are being pushed off the trees. Before I arose this morning from our bed-room window I saw the Master Artist of Time splashing imperceptibly the color on the ivy creeping up the walls, and soon those leaves will flutter to the ground. Dead, you say? Those very leaves will be the fertilizer that shall be the birth of a new leaf that I will see in the springtime. It did not die. And if you will investigate,—you, who are woods-folks, who love the woods and water, as I love them, —if you will investigate a branch where the tree has shed its leaves you will find that already, now, there is a little bud there, and that is to be next June-time's leaf, and the reason the old leaf fell from the tree was because the new bud of another spring had already formed.

The Indian Summer of Life, it is the summer of peace, the summer where in the tranquility of the soul we get the strength for the battle. No man can fight he-

roically without he has his secret altar, where he can go to get strength and power. Activity uninspired by tranquility at intervals will be demoralized and shipwrecked in life. Sanity and moderation are only preserved by keeping a shrine somewhere. That is all very old. The young people of today, if they could only learn the art of contemplation, and could take five minutes—only five—out of every day's worth of activities, and in those five minutes turn an honest light unto their own soul. If we could do that, that time would make us all the more highly equipped for the battle of the winter.

We usually think about autumn as being a sad time. Some poets have spoken of it as a melancholy time. Only this week people have said to me "Oh, don't you despise the autumn? It is such a lonesome time. Autumn days are so melancholy. I don't like autumn." I love the autumn. I love it because nature in glowing colors tells me in triumphant beauty that she is ready for the winter. That is what autumn means. That is what Indian Summer means. Every golden leaf out yonder, every silvery toned beauty is just a great little poem that chants to my soul "I am ready for the winter." That is what autumn does. It is the highway to the winter. It need not be melancholy.

Autumn is born of promise; autumn is the prophet. Winter was made for activity. We could not loaf all the year, and we would not if we could. Work is salvation. When a man has found his work that man is in heaven, then and there, and does not need any other to convince him of happiness. Joy from the rightly directed human activity is a joy that no man can describe. Find the thing that you are best adapted to do in this world and then go out and do that thing with your whole might and main.

The Indian Summer is the summer of maturity ,of course. Our fruits are all ripe and gathered.

Autumn is not only that part of the year that tells us that summer has kept her promise, but she is the prophet that tells us that there will be another spring. And the Indian Summer of life, of your life and mine when it comes, will be that part of our lives that tells the world that we have kept our promise of youth, and our prophesy of tomorrow. That is the Indian Summer of life.

Emerson said just a few weeks before he died, when he was broken in health, Emerson said this:

"Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors seem ridiculous."

That was Emerson's Indian Summer of Life.

To die, whenever death comes, courageously and heroically, is one of the great and beautiful things this world has to offer.

I am glad that I am getting older; I am glad and will be glad when my hair is touched with the frosts of winter! And glad, because with every step in the process of time, peace, tranquility, and beauty seem to flood my soul.

Don't be melancholy these days. You people of the Peoples Church have got the hardest task on your hands this winter you have ever had. We cannot be sad because it is autumn. Nature is not sad because it is autumn; she is glad. She is laughing; she is not sad.

So we must meet the tasks of the winter just as we meet the tasks and responsibilities of life. Let us all here now resolve that as a church and as a people that we will use the "Indian Summer" as the altar where we can cultivate comradeship with the eternal realities of the Spirit, and then we can get up and go out and live and work and laugh and love through the winter, knowing that it will some day be June again.

REFLECTIONS

The last rays of an autumn sun touches for a few moments the tree trunks, clothing the birches pines and cedars with subtle drapery of pale lavendar, rose-brown, and greenish gold, deepening to purple in the shadows, and instantly the glowing ball of fire drops behind the dark curtain of firs on the western shore, the color vanishes leaving cold grey pillars—phantom-like in the gathering darkness. The lake too changes from soft pinks and greens and violet, like mother-of-pearl into grey-blue as the wind dances across its surface, ruffling the sheeny ripples into foam-capped waves which dash the rocks, singing a boisterous song of glee. There is a concert when the night wing twangs the harp-strings in the tree-tops, and scattering leaves far and wide join chorus with the waves.

I draw the hickory rocking chair up to the study fire where golden flames of a birch log send out comfortable warmth and the glowing embers form pictures differing in character to every eye. I am wondering at the incomprehensible rapidity with which the summer has slipped away. These September days with a wholesome tang in the air morning and evening, and a remaining breath of summer in the balmy mid-day, when there is a pensive tone in the occasional bird note, and all the little feathered creatures seem busily preparing for their trip southward; many colonies have already taken flight. I noticed them in numbers enjoying a meal of poppy seeds or other flowery dainties.

The garden seems trying to outdo the color scheme of mid-summer in an effort to close the season in splendor. Sturdy zinias show a riot of color, cosmos blooms in increasing abundance, bachelor-buttons, full and varicolored as old fashioned pinks were never more attractive, great masses of golden-glow nod and bend with every breeze. Tomorrow I will gather the ripened seed from the annuals, cover the perennials against winter's chill, and prepare the ground for spring planting. What a happy thought —next spring's garden.

In a few days I shall go back to the City with its clatter and noise, its rush of automobiles and shrieks of policemen's whistles, its crowds and problems and smoke weighted atmosphere. But I shall go back with larger vision and calmer thought for having breathed pure air fresh from the hills and the pines and the lake! I have stood at my window at dawn and watched the grandiosity of the sun's entrance on a new day; I have sat on a moss cushioned rock gazing in silent awe at the pomp and magnificence of sunset; I have walked in the aisles of the forest in the quietness and twilight peace which is felt in the woods at mid-day, with occasional sunspots sifting through heavy branches like light from temple windows; I have seen mother-birds caring for their nestlings and later teaching them to fly, I have heard the gentle warbles all summer of these happy little beings which verily live and breathe and have their being in song; I have listened to the wind in the pines singing lullabies and rocking the birdlings cradles in their boughs; and I have seen it dash the lake into fury as storm clouds darkened the heavens!

On a brilliant day I have watched sea-gulls, white against the sky's deep blue, soaring—swooping—sailing like fairy boats in a calm sea; I have seen the distant hills with emerald pines climbing their slopes in the sunlight and swathed in lavender mist at twilight. I have enjoyed the full-toned summer fragrance of my garden with hummingbirds sipping sweetness from the hearts of a rose and fire-flies hovering over it at night. I have

breathed in the exquisite beauty of the moon's golden path across the bay; at night I have heard the patter of rain on the roof—while the moist fragrance of pine and balsam brought refreshing sleep. Because I have watched the sunset—light and shadow of twilight, moon-beams and star-light; because I have heard bird-song and loved the heart of a rose; because of the singing waves and the song in the pines, of the sun-kissed lake and the peace of evening, I shall go back to the City with broader vision — with calmer thought—with more patience and tolerance for the rush and the whirl and the petty annoyances. I shall go back to the City—for even there one may find harmony —beauty—peace—when one carries the memory of June-time!

—Grace Thayer Bradley.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

"To deafen with little bells the spirit that would think."

—Victor Hugo.

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Published monthly by The Peoples Church.
Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley.....
..... Associate Editor
Mrs. P. E. Goold .... Subscription Mgr.
5035 Winthrop Ave. Sunnyside 6095
Wm. Saunders ..... Business Mgr.
7028 N. Clark St. Rogers Park 0220
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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education — Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday, Program, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Departmental Meetings, Channing Hall.

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club of the church will inaugurate their season's activities with a luncheon at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Monday, October fifth. A musical program will be given and Dr. Bradley will give an address on "Progress and Ideals." Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, the President, will bring a message of greeting.

The Woman's Club is one of the most active and progressive organizations in the church. At the beginning of the season last year the club outlined a definite goal for the year. This ambition was realized in every particular. An outstanding achievement was the assistance the club gave in the building program of the church. The club gave a pledge of five thousand dollars to the building fund. More than half of this amount has been paid. The Philanthropic Department, with Mrs. Dora Reynolds as chairman, ably handles the charity work of the Church. This year this department will cooperate with the chairman of the church philanthropic department who is Mrs. Fuchs.

The Educational Department is an outstanding feature of the work. Mrs. H. R. Dalrymple is the efficient chairman. She has outlined for the work of this department for the year a study of Chicago of today called "Many Sided Chicago." The program is divided into the following divisions:—1st, As an Art Center. 2nd. Musical Chicago, 3rd, the Theater in Chicago, 4th, Chicago and Poetry, 5th, Chicago as Book Seller and author, 6th, The Social Life, 7th, Chicago as an Industrial Center, 8th, the Human Side of Chicago, 9th, Chicago as an Educational Center, 10th, Chicago and Recreation, 11th, Racial Groups in Chicago, 12th, Chicago's Religious Life, 13th The Darker Side of Chicago and the 14th, The Pageant of Chicago's Progress which will be an illustrated lecture. The attractiveness and value of this outlined program is obvious.

The opening luncheon is given for all the ladies of the church and an urgent invitation is extended. The luncheon fee is one dollar and it is desired that reservations be made with Mrs. Storfer, phone Sunnyside 5032 or Mrs. Fuchs, Sunnyside 1324.—G. T. B.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

During the vacation period the Temple Club has maintained its interest in a splendid degree. Various social affairs have kept the spirit of the club intact. The program committee composed of the officers, and Miss Florence Mellum, Mr. Elbert Beardsley, Miss Beatrice Jordan and Mr. Lamar Hesselberg submitted the season's program to the entire club membership at a meeting held September 22nd. The work of the Committee was enthusiastically endorsed. The full program will be published in the November Liberal.

The first meeting of the Club will be a Social Evening on October 6th in Channing Hall, 4701 Sheridan Road. An invitation is extended to all the young people of the church whether members or not. The evening will be spent in dancing, a musical program will be given.

The next meeting will be held October 20th at Channing Hall, when Dr. Bradley will give a lecture book-review on "The Peasants", the interesting book by Ladislas Reymount. This lecture will be given at the Sheridan Plaza Hotel and will be open to the general public.

The Temple Club has outlined a season of interest and value to young people and it is hoped that the younger group in the church will identify themselves with the Club. The program will be evenly divided between social and intellectual features.

Mr. Du Mont, the President, phone State 5360 or Mrs. Engstrom, the corresponding secretary, phone Edgewater 7165 will be glad to give any information in regard to the Club.

THE MEN'S FORUM

At the August meeting of the Forum the following officers were elected: Dr. R. W. Lee, President, Arthur Fuchs, Vice-President, Mr. Newman A. DuMont, Secretary, and Mr. Lee Trotter Treasurer.

Mr. G. P. Boyle, Harry S. Godman and W. H. Hermsdorf were elected members of the Executive Committee.

The Program Committee is at work on a series of Forum lectures which will interest the men of the church. Only speakers of unquestioned authority in their particular sphere will be invited. At the close of each address a forum will be conducted. A debate is being planned and other educational features are being outlined. The men of community and city are invited to the Forum as well as those interested in the work of the church. A definite program announcement is not available as the Liberal goes to press but will be made from the pulpit in the immediate future.

THE SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The Church School will resume its Sunday sessions Sunday morning, October 4th, at 9:45 in Channing Hall, 4701 Sheridan Road. During the vacation time there has been held several social events by various classes. The faculty of the school has given a great amount of preparation to the Curriculum for the present year. The teachers are a loyal and competent group and merit the support of the entire church in their work. There are classes for all ages and the lesson matter is prepared in accordance with the highest educational ethical and spiritual truths. Parents are urged to enroll their children as early as possible in the school. Mr. A. W. Fuchs is the Superintendent, phone Sunnyside 1324. He will be glad to give information in regard to the activities of the school.

CHURCH NEWS

The Peoples Church will open for the season Sunday morning, October 4th at ten o'clock. Dr. Preston Bradley, the pastor, will preach on the subject, "The Inspirations of Autumn." The service will be broadcast every Sunday by station WQJ Chicago. The Peoples Church Chorus Choir will sing. This is to be the most eventful year in the Church. The new Uptown Temple, our Church home, is in process of building. Let us greet Dr. Bradley with the largest audience he has ever had at an opening service.

A Business Meeting of the Church called by the President was held in Channing Hall on the evening of August 25th. In spite of the oppressive heat and mid-vacation time more than a quorum of the Church membership attended. The meeting was called for the purpose of authorizing the Board of Trustees to make a $300,000 bond issue on Uptown Temple. Dr. Bradley attended the meeting and gave an address on "The Future of the Church."

Mr. Frederick W. Spelz and Mrs. Spelz, 661 Irving Park Blvd., spent their vacation at Spider Lake, Wisconsin. Mr. Spelz is competing with our pastor as a fisherman as he hooked a twenty-five pound muskelonge, one of the largest caught in Wisconsin during the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Lee, 5627 N. Artesian Ave., and family, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fuchs, 1611 Wilson Ave., took their vacation in early September, going by auto to Ghost Lake, Wisconsin.

The opening of the Church year finds many of our young people already entered upon their work in the various colleges and universities. The Church will miss them and hopes to welcome them at the Christmas holidays.

Dr. Bradley is very desirous of obtaining ten copies of the July Liberal. If you care to send him your copy he would greatly appreciate it. Please mail to his study—927 Galt Ave., Chicago.

TO MEMBERS OF PEOPLES CHURCH

This has been a very busy summer, due to the extra work caused by the purchasing of the property, getting the titles cleared, and ironing out all the details of the plans and specifications for the Church. Your Building Committee has been constantly on duty.

Owing to the increased cost, it was necessary to put out a bond issue of $300,000 at 6%. The contract with the Masonic bodies makes these bonds A-1 in every respect, and they are now ready for delivery. Those wishing to buy them can do so by taking it up with Mr. Thos. A. Harrison, our Treasurer, or myself.

What we need most of all is ready cash to pay off the mortgage and take care of the many small items of expense that are necessary to put through our program.

We found that it was necessary for us to purchase five feet of a private alley so that our footings and fire escapes could be extended beyond the building line of our property. It took some time to get the specifications for the building, and particularly those covering the steel requirements, and to get this put through the mill takes some time. Everything is all lined up now, and so far as can be seen everything will move along as speedily as possible.

We have engaged our own superintendent, and he will follow the details and get work done more readily. It was utterly impossible for the members of the committee to put their daily time on the job. We needed someone who is technically informed with reference to building requirements.

I am sure that when this building is finished you will have one of the finest church temples in Chicago. It will be well-built, and it will conform with all the city requirements as well as those of the occupants.

As many of you know, we have had a great deal of trouble in procuring the use of the Pantheon Theatre for our services this coming season, owing to the fact that our time interferred with the theatre program. Therefore, it becomes necessary for us to change our hour of service, as we must get out of the church before twelve o'clock every Sunday. I do not think this will be a hardship on those who want to go to Church on Sunday morning, as it will only mean that you will have to get up a half hour earlier or hurry a little more in getting ready.

I heartily recommend that all church activities entailing expense be curtailed this season, as these items run up into several thousands of dollars, and this will pay off some of the necessary bills that we will have on our building program.

I want to especially thank Mr. Harrison, Mr. Spelz and Mr. Manning for their splendid cooperation in working out the various details, which have been many during this summer vacation. Mr. Geo. Patterson Boyle, one of our members, was retained as our counsel, and he has done splendid work for the committee and the church.

In closing I shall ask each and every member, and their friends who have not contributed to the Building Fund, to do so at once, and those who have already contributed I shall ask to assist us further. Please bear in mind also that we must have funds to carry on our church services, and we would like to have every member subscribe at the beginning of the season an amount that will enable us to get out a budget and know that we are going to be able to meet our obligations.

C. K. Anderson, Pres. Board of Trustees, The Peoples Church.

The Peoples Church Chorus Choir has been holding rehearsals during September under the direction of Mr. Dewitt Durgin Lash. The latter is always desirous of trying voices for either the Junior or Senior Choir.

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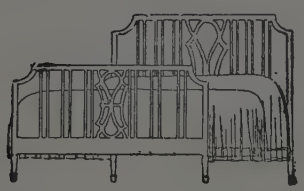

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